

to have injuries X-rayed and reported in the papers. They hate taking Maalox and Excedrin. They hate the suppository.

Men watch football because when the end drops it or the tackle fucks up, the team will eventually forget. Until then, he sits in splendid isolation, head in hands on nationwide t.v. Or he can compensate by snaring the winning pass, decking the panzer back. At home no one seems to forget. Last night's, last week's, last month's mistakes are worse than game films. Chances for a big play are small to nil.

Men watch football because it reminds them of what might have been. Young men think if it hadn't been for some bad breaks they could out-pussy Namath. Older men are not so sanguine. They do not feel if the phone rang they could go in. They cannot always handle the longing of every Schlitz, dolor of chip and Frito much less a bullet from some howitzer-armed rookie.

But they can watch the veterans, relentless specialists coming in in every clutch, splitting the uprights, penetrating the zone, lean and mean and deep in their 40's, grey at the temples but probably more young stuff than they can handle and \$90,000.00 a yr., too.

Well, hell. It's not their fault.

IN SOUTH AMERICA ON BUSINESS HE DOES  
SOMETHING HE IS ASHAMED OF YET ON THE  
WAY HOME DREAMS OF IT AGAIN AND AGAIN

He liked the whores in Guatemala City. He liked their coloring books and dirty feet. When he paid, the American dollars shook like leaves.

The stewardess wakes him again, "It's just a dream," she says. He sees décolletage. He looks away: not that, not now. Too close to home, the wife, the little girl.